

Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, July 2, 1895, with transcript

Letter from Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. 10 rue Nitot, July 2nd 1895. My dear Alec:

I am so full of thankfulness that you have had at least one holiday this summer. Such a beautiful big budget of letters as I received this morning, three from you, two from Mr. McCurdy, one from Mrs. Kennan, one from Mamma and another from Miss Hill. In one of yours you spoke of your paddle to Macrae's ponds. That is what pleases me so, only I am so sorry you haven't more such days of rest. Dear I wish you would, it troubles me when I think that this seems to be the only holiday you have had this beautiful spring. Please do get the real benefit of your beautiful home and take a paddle at least every Sunday. By the way perhaps you have left Baddeck for good. Your telegram from Flint came this morning, I am glad that you are well, but I wish I knew what your plans are. Oh dear all that home news has made me feel dreadfully homesick, how I wish I hadn't lost that beautiful spring, how I wish that I could have been beside you to make you enjoy the beauties of our lovely home. I wish for it all the time, yet I am satisfied I did right in coming, the children are gaining immensely. Elsie and I called on Jules Lefebvre Sunday by appointment. He is one of the great French painters and has some beautiful portraits. But he charges \$2000.00 for a half length and that I am afraid is beyond us. I am going to see some other painters and get their prices and will then decide, but it seems as hard work as anything else. Yesterday Mr. Langley called, and took the children for a drive. I believe he is going to take them up the captive balloon some time this week. He returns home August 24th. He is about as uncommunicative to me concerning his experiments as he was to those reporters.

Sunday we went to the Duchesse de Pomars. She was resplendent in enormous pearls and diamonds. The lecturer was announced to lecture on any subject chosen by the

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audience. He began by prayer to the spirits and then rattled off at once on the good or evil of the French Revolution, on Guardian Angels and other things. I never could have believed that any same person could act as he did, he swung himself about, quivered and trembled, grasped hold of himself, locked his little fingers together and altogether kept me in a constant strained attention to see into what new contortion he could twist his body. Daisy said it was the most extraordinary mixture imaginable of sense and nonsense, but was very clever. She tried to tell me what he said, but a lady behind objected to our apparent want of attention to the lecturer and Madame de Pomar from her thrown (throne) seemed to be watching us the whole time, so I did not get much information. After the lecture the lady came to Daisy and apologized, saying that she had not at first perceived that I was deaf. I wonder who she was and how she finally understood. Madame Blanc says that Madame de Pomar is a queer mixture of cleverness, foolishness, kindness and humbug. That she believes herself in spiritual communion with Mary Queen of Scots and is not sure but that she is the reincarnation of that unfortunate lady. Haven't you met her?

Lovingly ever yours,